SCYLLA'S GHOST:

AN

HEROICK POEM:

BEING

A SATYR

AGAINST

AMBITION,

And the Late

Horrid Phanatick Plot.

The Second Impreſſion, now publiſh'd at the ſpecial Deſire of ſome Perſons of Quality.

To which is added a *Pindarick Ode* upon the Murder of King *Charles* the Firſt, *January* 30. 1648. By the ſame Author.

——— *Sejanus ducitur unco*
Spectandus, gaudent omnes, Quæ labra, quis illi
Vultus erat, (Nunquam ſi quid mihi credis) amavi
Hunc hominem. ——— Juven.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Hareſinch*, and are to be ſold by *R. Reynolds*, next door to the Middle Exchange in the *Strand*, and *J. Norris*, at the *Kings Arms* without *Temple-Bar*. 1684.

SCYLLA'S GHOST:

A

HEROICK POEM:

BEING

A SATYR

UPON

AMBITION.

To His Grace

CHRISTOPHER
DUKE OF
ALBEMARLE, &c.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

WERE I to preſent a Poem equal to your Grace's merit, I ſhould juſtly be guilty of a Crime unpardonable, in addreſſing this, which contains nothing but the unpoliſh'd draughts of an incultivated Muſe, and therefore muſt implore Your Graces pardon for the Preſumption I take to ſend it into the Cenſorious World under your Grace's Patronage; all that I can ſay in it's Defence is, that though it may appear rude and diſorder'd, not ſet forth with ſo Beautiful an Outſide, nor dreſs'd in ſuch gawdy Trappings, as the real and innate worth of the Subject ought to Challenge, yet your Grace will ſoon diſcern the foot-ſteps of a Loyal Endeavour; and indeed nothing ought to Preſume to approach your Grace's hands, but what has ſome Impreſſion of Loyalty inſtamp'd upon it.

If Vertue be the only Nobility, certainly there is no greater Vertue than Loyalty, and conſequently no greater Nobility; it blaſts the long and tedious Rolls of Pedigrees, and makes Antiquity *it ſelf become her adorer.*

Nam Genus, & Proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipſi
Vix ea Noſtra voco ——

Yet

Yet if Nobility can be deriv'd from Anceſtors, your Grace has a double Claim to it, the unparallell'd Actions of your renowned Father, (whom the beſt of Kings, our preſent Sovereign, Honour'd with the Appellation of Father) render your Grace Noble, but your Vertue and unſhaken Loyalty render you much more ſo, not only an Heir to his Fortunes and Honours, but to his ſtock of Vertues, which your Grace has ſo far improv'd, that I might truly ſtile you, (and without flattery) one of the ſtrongeſt Props and Pillars both of Church and State. And, my Lord, I have all the reaſon in the world to Confirm it, when I conſider in how lofty and ſublime a Sphere *his Majeſty has been pleas'd to place you, where your* Grace *ſhines like a Star of our firſt Magnitude, and one of the brighteſt Jewels in his Sacred Crown.*

This (my Lord) *arms me with the Confidence to lay this my poor, yet Loyal endeavour, at your Grace's Feet, where I doubt not; but it will meet with a Candid Entertainment. Thus once more imploring your Grace's Pardon, wiſhing you length of Days, and a continual increaſe of Riches and Honour, I am*

Your Grace's

Moſt Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

C. C.

A SATYR against AMBITION AND THE Last Horrid Plot.

IN Golden times, when *Saturn*'s peaceful Throne
Was undisturb'd by his aspiring Son;
When just *Astræa* poiz'd her equal Scales;
Whose flight the Earth e're since, in vain, bewails;
When Peace, and smiling Innocence possest
The spotless mansions of each happy Breast;
No Birds but *Halcyons* plough'd the fragrant Air,
And every thing mov'd tuneful in its Sphear,
When influenc'd by kind Heaven, the teeming Soil
Brought forth her Fruits without or pain or toyl;
It was an happy Age, no Pride was then
E're known to fill the furious breasts of men;
No Sin, or Guilt was then, no factious Jarrs,
No Civil Tumults, nor intestine Wars,
No Mortal wounds were then by Discord made,
No reaking Gore e're soyl'd the shining Blade;
Seditious madness then could never arm
This whiter Age of Love to publick harm;
Happy was man then in so blest a fate,
A little lower than an Angels state:
Then in a dismal Vault, where *Phœbus*'s ray
Never approach'd, nor the least spark of Day;
Howling, in Chains, the Fiend *Ambition* lay.
Nor knew she how to exercise her rage,
And fire mens Breasts, till the succeeding Age;

Till haughty *Jove* rebellious prov'd, to ſhew
What his great Mind would for Heav'ns Empire do,
Uſurp'd the Throne, and his own Father ſlew;
Strait then he ſet the *green-ey'd Monſter* free,
And bade her roam and range at Liberty.
Scarce was young *Jove* ſettled in's Father's Throne,
Scarce did he call the Diadem his own,
'Ere rank *Ambition* had poſſeſs'd the World,
And o're the ſpacious Earth its plagues had hurl'd.
Jove ſhook his Treſſes, and with Fury ſaid,
Since the black Venom o're the Earth is ſpread;
Since all Mankind's in horrid Vice involv'd,
And my great Power ſlighted, I'm reſolv'd
Nor Prayr's nor Tears ſhall o're my will prevail,
The foaming waves ſhall come and ruine all.
Thus ſaid — Heav'ns Caſements ſtrait did open fly,
And flouds of horrid Rain ruſh'd from the darkned Sky.
Scarce was his mighty Fury at an end,
Scarce he began to People th' Earth agen;
But a new ſtock of Monſters ſtrait was grown,
Not by our Grand-ſire *Deucalion* ſown;
But rankly ſprung from curs'd *Ambition's* Seed,
('Tis fair to look on, but a poys'nous weed,)
Titans they call'd 'em, each with hundred hands,
Contemn *Joves* Thunder, and his Power withſtand.
Theſe ſoon reſolv'd to ſeize his mighty Crown,
And from Heav'ns-Arch pull the Uſurper down.
Oſſa upon *Olympus* top they threw,
And then huge *Pelion* upon *Oſſa* too,
Two or three Mountains more they thought would do.
Till *Joves* loud Thunder from the injur'd Sky,
Made the Earth's Sons in their own Mother lye.

Whoſe

Whoſe curſed Off-ſpring has e're ſince remain'd,
And o're the Univerſe vaſt Conqueſts gain'd.
Did not the firſt-born man, the mighty *Cain*,
With furious Emulation fir'd, diſdain
That any, nay, a Brother's Sacrifice,
To Heaven, ſhould more grateful prove than his:
Nought but his Bloud atton'd the ſacred Crime,
Tho he himſelf was made the Curſe of Time.
How did *Abimelech*, the Tyrant, ſway,
And his great Soul to horrid deeds betray,
As Seventy Brethren at one blow to ſlay?
Nay, the more baſe, and weaker Woman can,
In this, out-do the Lordly Creature Man.
Did not the furious *Athaliah*, fir'd
With hot *Ambition*, and with *rage* inſpir'd,
All branches of the Regal-Line cut down,
Whoſe *Birth* might make em look towards a *Crown*?
Ah, curs'd *Ambition!* Honour-blaſting fume,
Canker of Greatneſs, that doſt all conſume;
The *Curſe* of Kingdoms, and the *Bane* of States,
On whom ſo many fatal Miſchiefs wait.
O the attempts this Hell-born Greatneſs makes!
What horrid Methods and dire Rules it takes
Baſely to compaſs its deſigned Ends,
Treading upon the Necks of deareſt Friends,
Brother 'gainſt brother plots, and Sons inquire
Into the age of their too long-liv'd Sires;
Strangers with Iron-rods muſt bruiſe the Land,
And all alike muſt bow to th' conquering hand.
The greedy Rich, the needy Poor devour,
Their Judge was *Appetite*, their Law was *Power*;
Robbers the Field, and Souldiers ſack'd the Town,
No ſenſe of Dangers could Oppreſſion drown;

I'th'

I'th' Court, or open *Forum* to complain,
Was Crime enough to plague you worſe again;
Nor was their Luſt leſs lawleſs, or leſs bold
Than all their ſtudy'd Arts for Blood, and Gold.
Weak Beauties they decoy'd, and forc'd the ſtrong,
And made no difference 'twixt the old and young;
Nor did the Sword's leſs cruel Empire ceaſe,
But rul'd and rag'd alike in VVar and Peace:
Virgins were raviſh'd, aged Matrons made
Objects of Luſt, and Victims to the Blade;
Nor the leaſt pity or remorſe was ſhown,
From their firſt ſhriek, to their laſt dying groan:
Infants were pull'd from their dear Parents Arms,
Their Prayers and tender tears had loſt their charms,
The Temples flaming, and the Gods pull'd down,
And blood and ruin rag'd in every Town,
Old-age diſhonour'd, lawleſs Youth bore rule,
And Vertue made a ſneaking Ridicule.
Methinks I ſee grim *Scylla's* Ghoſt appear
With furious looks, and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Pointing out Death and ſlaughter every where,
Prompting the *Catilines* of this head-ſtrong Age
To Plots, and Treaſons, and Inteſtine Rage;
I hear the Snakes hiſs from the Fury's head,
And ſee around the place their Venom ſpread;
Methinks I ſee the horrid Fiend ariſe,
Darting infernal Light'ning from his Eyes;
Methinks I view him at the damn'd *Caball,*
And each *Conſpirator* by *Name* doth call;
Go on, *Great Patriots,* with your *worthy Cauſe,*
Contemn all *Monarchs,* and confront their *Laws;*
Go on, in your *religious Villany;*
And be as fam'd for horrid deeds as I:

Think

Think on the Miſchiefs I before have done,
When Son the Father kill'd, Father the Son;
O that I had but *Jove*'s Celeſtial Fire,
I ſoon with my fell Rage would you inſpire,
That ſtill ſhould urge you, ſtill your thoughts poſſeſs,
With monſtrous and Gigantick wickedneſs.
Or, would the cruel Deſtinies once more
For a ſhort ſpace my thread of Life reſtore,
VVhat glorious and unheard of Deeds I'd do,
Death ſhould be tir'd, and I would ſtill purſue
New horror, till no horror could be new.
No Sex, nor Age ſhould 'ſcape my Cruelty,
Nor Infants in the Porch of Life be free.
Thus have I done to be for ever known,
Thus have I done to make the *World* my own.
But firſt, young Pupils, I'd begin at home,
And there lay the firſt Scene of Bloud to come;
Amuze the Rabble, buzz into their Ears,
And dun 'em ſtill with Jealouſies and Fears;
Tell them that Strangers would your Rights invade,
And you your ſelves be Slaves to ſtrangers made:
Tell them of dire Portents, and fearful Signs,
(Fit masks to cover all your black Deſigns)
Of *Jago-Pilgrims*, *Armies in the Air*,
And *Traytors*, though you tell not who or where;
When you your ſelves the *real Traytors* are.
Aſſert your *Liberties*, and maintain your *Rights*,
And *even be the People's Favourites*;
Let every *Plot*, let every baſe Deſign,
Cloath'd with *Religion*'s faireſt out-ſide, ſhine;
'Twill pleaſe the Vulgar, and advance the *Cauſe*
That bleeding lies, cruſh't by the ſtronger Laws;

Still let *Religion* be the ſpecious prize,
When *Wealth* and *Intereſt* at the bottom lyes;
Intereſt makes Cowards *valiant*, Parties *great*,
And is the rankeſt Venom in a State.
Think on your *Wants*, and let their force prompt on
Your free-born Souls to Inſurrection;
If any *Roman* bloud flows in your Veins,
If any ſpark of *Roman* fire remains;
Think on your *Debts* abroad, and *Wants* at home,
And that more deſperate *Slavery* to come;
Your *Youth* is blooming, and your *Age* in prime,
And all conſpire to bleſs the grand Deſign;
Your number's mighty, and your Party ſtrong,
Riſe then, great Spirits, and revenge your wrong:
Nought but your Sloth and Folly can prevent
So *great*, ſo *pious*, and ſo *brave* Attempt;
Unleſs, like vulgar Slaves, you'd rather dy,
Than free-born men to live victorioufly. ——
So ſaid---- an ominous ſilence fill'd the place,
And Horror ſtrait appear'd in every Face;
With Groans and deſperate Rage departs the Fiend,
But left his *loathſom, ſulphurous Breath* behind.
---- The *curs'd Advice* no longer was withſtood,
They ſtrait reſolv'd to Chriſten all in Blood;
Voting it *Juſtice, Innocents* to kill,
And *meritorious, Royal-blood* to ſpill.
Too well they knew what ſecret Magick lies
In their *Religion, Rights* and *Properties:*
This arms the Rout, and makes the Faction great,
And breeds the talleſt Monſters in a State.

The *firſt* that mov'd within this *Treacherous Sphear*
Was once a *real fix'd*, now *wandring Star.*

Ah!

Ah! *Lentulus*, how Graceful was thy meen?
In thy fair Breaſt what Vertues once were ſeen?
Fluſh'd with green Honour in his Golden dayes,
His early Valour won the Victor's Bays.
His blooming Fame by every Muſe was ſung;
And his great Name the ecchoing Valleys rung.
He forc'd the *Northern Rebels* to obey,
And to their *Cæſar* juſt Allegiance pay.
In Peace no leſs was his great Youth approv'd,
Ador'd by many, but by all belov'd;
Still by his *Gracious Father* was careſs'd,
With more than common Happineſs poſſeſs'd,
And in his *Favour* exquiſitely bleſs'd.
Then he was Loyal----- had he kept but here,
He ſtill had ſhin'd within our Hemiſphere,
Had not the too large draughts of Honour's bowl
Debauch'd his *Genius*, and o're-charg'd his Soul:
Had not that *Pigmy-Proteus* of the State
Decoy'd his Senſe, and urg'd him to his Fate;
By him he fell, by him his Eaſie Breaſt
Was with *Ambition's* tow'ring thoughts poſſeſt,
Hence was it, that he needs muſt ſoar ſo high,
To ſpread his Streamers in the open Sky;
Big with vain hopes, he travers'd all the Land,
Whilſt hot-brain'd crowds ſtill preſt to kiſs his hand;
Theſe drank his Health in every jocund Bowl,
And with the thoughts of Empire charm'd his Soul,
That three *Cornelii* were to reign in *Rome*,
Cinna and *Sylla* paſt, and *Lentulus* to come;
Theſe with loud ſhouts, and acclamations high,
Send up his bubble-Name to th' lofty Sky;
The Gods bleſs *Lentulus*, was all their cry.

Thus

Thus on the wings of Popular applauſe
He bore the *Idol* of the Rout, the *Cauſe.*
Royal and Rebel too! 'tis wondrous ſtrange;
What *Circean* Charm could work ſo ill a change?
Like him of old, (as ſacred Stories tell)
The Rebel-regiment of Angels fell;
How happy ſtill, how glorious had they been,
Had not Ambition been a God-like ſin?
Th' Almighty Power they boldly did defie,
And thought to Lord it o're the Deity;
Till to the dark Abyſs of horrid Night
He forc'd the plotting Troops to take their flight.

Next him, tho deeper in the black Deſign,
For horrid deeds renown'd, was *Catiline,*
With a foul Soul in a fair Body fixt;
Thus Aconite with th' choiceſt Wines is mixt;
Fair to the outſide, but within doth kill,
Like deadly Venom in a Golden Pill.
Betimes *Ambition* his hot thoughts poſſeſt,
And ſow'd its fatal Seeds within his Breaſt.
Nor did his thoughts only on *Greatneſs* run,
Nor did *Ambition* only reign alone:
Well might *Aurelia* curſe th' unhappy day,
When at her feet her *Rebel-brother* lay:
When naked from his lewd, inceſtuous Bed,
Trembling, and pale, the debauch'd Charmer fled.
Ah, *Catiline*! the Gods are ever juſt,
And oft ſeverely puniſh Luſt with Luſt;
Elſe why did beauteous *Laura* ſpend her Charms
Within the Circle of another's Arms?
Muſt this to *Plots* and *Maſſacres* invite?
And thy bold Soul to *Treaſon* ſtrait excite?

Could

Could nought your lawleſs bloody rage ſuffice,
But God-like *Cæſar* fall the Sacrifice ?
And for none other Crime than this alone,
For being his Glorious Martyr'd Father's Son.

Next him in order raſh *Cethegus* came,
One that by Blood and Wounds hath got a Name,
An upſtart Bully, whoſe chief Talent lyes
In Swearing, Duels, nauſeous Whores, and Dice.
Down with 'em to the Ground, the *Hot-ſpur* bawls,
Not all *Jove's* thunder ſhall prevent their falls.
Lop every Branch of the *Cæſarean* Line,
To prove Succeſſion's not of Right Divine,
What my *Strong Arm* 'ere now has done, you know,
For want of work 'twill dull and uſeleſs grow,
'S'death, I'll murder all the Senate at a blow.
The talking Conſul ſhall in Flames expire,
And his own Palace prove his funeral pyre.
Miſtaken *Hector*, ſtop thy raſh career,
Princes, and States are Heavens peculiar Care,
The Gods protecting them, protected are.
Think what in *Scotland* thou before wa'ſt known,
Then a Moſs-Trooper, now a Vagabond;
Think on thy former Murders, think tho Fate
Defers a while, yet 'twill not always wait;
Traytors at laſt to their own Grief will find
The Gods are never deaf, nor like *Tireſias* blind.

Next the *Scotch Augur* enters, who but he,
The Chaplain to the precious Villany;
That motly Popiſh-puritan, who ſwears
'Tis meritorious, what the Party dares.
All the paſt precedents that are now in Hell,
Cannot this Prieſtly Villain parallel;

What Bigots are thoſe ſilly Fools, he cryes,
That a *religious Monarch* Idolize?
When Princes by their Subjects Fury fall,
Th' old Romiſh Gentleman ſhall pay for all.
That Prince that doth his Subjects Rights annoy,
'Tis fit his Subjects ſhould that Prince deſtroy.
It is not for Religion that he dyes,
But for his Subjects Rights and Liberties;
'Tis ſuch a deed 't would make the whole *World* ſhake
And *Foreign Princes* more *indulgent* make,
And *other Subjects* our *Example* take;
'Tis great, and glorious, and would raiſe our Names
Higher than his that fir'd *Diana's Fane.*
And he that this tranſcendent deed ſhall do,
To his great Name a laſting Statue's due,
Higher than th Monument, and deſerves to be
Enroll'd amongſt the *Liberatores Patriæ.*

Theſe things thus ranſack't in the dire Cabal,
Some neighbring Forces to their Aid they call,
The *Scotch Allobroges* were ſoon betray'd,
And Horſe and Armour promis'd to their Aid.
A People envious of the *Roman* Fame,
And bore a mortal hatred to their Name;
Unnat'ral Monſters, who to break their Chain
Would ſtill rebell, tho knew 'twas but in vain.

Thus when they'd every where Sedition ſown,
And the rank Venom to that height was grown,
Though with the greateſt care, the impious Crew
Conceal'd the Villany they thought to do;
Though Plots on Plots, and new Deſigns were laid,
Yet ſtill they were diſcover'd, ſtill betray'd;
When at the laſt, Impatient of Delay,
The Purging Poyſon found its Sought-for-way.

Then

Then like obſcene, and diſmal Birds of Prey,
Dreading the piercing Power of *Phœbus* ray,
To bogs, and Glomy Regions took their flight,
And Skul'kt in the obſcurer ſhades of Night.

Soon as the horrid Stratagem took Air,
And reach'd the injur'd God-like *Cæſar's* Ear,
The pious Prince with ſacred anger fir'd;
(Like ſome great Prophet from above inſpir'd)
Unhappy men, ſaid he, that know no odds,
Between my Peaceful reign, and *Cromwels* Iron-rods,
What makes 'em thus in love with miſery?
And free-born-men to Plot for ſlavery?
Has time yet the remembrance worn away,
Of that deplorable, unhappy day,
When at the ſtake three helpleſs Kingdoms lay?
When all the *Iſle* by threatning ſtorms was toſt,
When *That* a King, and *I* a Father loſt;
What loſs, what ruine did we then ſuſtain?
And muſt the ſame be Acted o're again?
Have we not felt great Heav'ns avenging hand,
But lately ſtretch'd to vex our factious Land!
What raging Peſtilence has there lately been,
When Thouſands gaſping in one Street were ſeen
Yet all too little to attone the Sin.
That done-----ſucceeded Next, th' all-Conquering fire,
And Earth as well as Heaven did Conſpire
To purge the Nation, and avenge the Blood,
Of a ſlain *Monarch*, one ſo *great*, ſo *good*;
Muſt wretched *Albion* then for ever be
The only ſtage of Blood and Cruelty?
No more let Mercy and indulgent Grace
Poſſeſs the wrong'd *Aſtræas* awful Place:

No

No more ſhall it be ſaid, the tottering Cauſe
Shall go unpuniſh't by th' impartial Laws;
But let unbiaſs'd Sentence ſtill be given,
'Twill waſh the Guilt, and grateful be to Heaven.
But why, ye mighty Powers, ſhould *Cæſar* prove
So much unhappy in his Subjects Love?
'Twas never known that Heav'n afflictions ſent
Upon a Prince that's wholly Innocent;
Why ſhould Sedition with ſo black a dye,
Strike at ſuch ſacred marks as Majeſty?
Are theſe the tender-Conſcienc'd-men, who dare
Attempt what others do with horror hear;
That would to *Moloch* ſacrifice the Nation
Under the ſpecious mask of Reformation.
Grant Heaven their fury may no further run,
They've kill'd the Father, and would fain the Son.
Let their Seditious Rage be at an end,
And ſmiling Peace once more the Throne aſcend.
No more let Impious Faction rule the Day,
Nor point to Anarchy th' unhappy Way;
Let all Rebellion, Diſcord, Vice, and Rage,
That have in *Patriots* forms debauch't our Age,
Vaniſh with all the Miniſters of Hell,
And meet the Fate of baſe *Achitophel.*
No more let Civil Wars torment our Iſle,
But all things with an Halcyon quiet ſmile,
And *Cæſar* bleſt with more than *Neſtor*'s Years,
(*Cæſar*, the Theam of all our Pray'rs and Tears)
With Choiceſt bleſſings, Heaven crown his Reign,
And grant once more our Golden Age again.
In him let every Subject happy prove,
And he be happy in each Subjects Love.

FINIS.

A PINDARIQUE ODE.

ON THE

MURDER

OF

King Charles the First,

January the 30th 1648.

I.

MY Muſe, joyn mournful Voice to mournful Strings,
And play as mournfully as now you ſing
The laſt ſad Tragick Scene of our great martyr'd *KING*.
All dark and gloomy was th' unhappy Day,
and the unwilling Sun
Refus'd his daily Race to run,
Nor the leaſt Beam of Brightneſs would diſplay;
Black as the Tyrants Heart that did the Nation ſway.
We fear'd (and very juſtly too)
That Heaven would pour all its Vials down,
And ſend worſe Plagues than ever *Ægypt* knew,
the wretched Iſland to undoe.
the wretched Iſle deſerv'd to be
dig'd up, and caſt into the Sea
For the dire Sin of its own Progeny.

II.

We've heard of the Calamities God ſent down
Upon *Jeruſalem*, his own lov'd Town,
What Plagues, what Ruines, did enſue,
What Blood, what Deſolations, did purſue
When they had crucifi'd the Eternal King;
Though that was richer Gore,
Yet was the Guilt almoſt the ſame;
Never any Sin
Since that, of deeper Dye has been,
Nor ever was before.
When the Eternal Son of God did dye,
The Temple's Veil was rent,
And fearful Signs and Wonders fill'd the Firmament;
So when the horrid Blow was given,
It frighted Earth, and ſtartl'd Heav'n.
In vain *Aſtrologers* their skill did try:
all muſt in *Chaos* lye,
When Rebels rule, and God-like Kings muſt dye.

III.

III.

Ah, curſt effects of *Civil Wars*!
And lawleſs Luſt, and impious Rage
Of a rebellious, Factious Age.
Thus did the Hands and Feet rebell,
And 'gainſt their Sovereign Head to Civil Diſcords fell,
Reaſon depos'd and gone,
Luſt-ſtrait uſurp'd the injur'd Throne,
and ſwore 'twould reign and rule alone:
And what but Ruine could be cite the Fate
Of ſuch a rude, ungovern'd, head-ſtrong State?
Let, gracious Heaven, never more this Land
Fall under the dire Vengeance of thy Hand;
No more let *Albion* be the ſport and ſhout
Of all her Neighbours round about.
Ah! wretched *Albion*, then they cry'd;
Ah! wretched *Albion*, then the Gods and Men reply'd.

IV.

If it be true
That from the Martyrs Blood the Churches Greatneſs grew,
That for one ſlain
Out of his Duſt many ſhould riſe again;
We ſee the mighty Sentence prov'd divine,
What God-like Heroes ſprang from *Charles* his Line,
What God-like *Phœnixes* did re-aſpire
From out their Royal Father's Funeral Pyre?
Juſt like the Sun after a ſtorm,
Such was the happy Entry of our *KING*,
His Royal bounty ſmil'd on every thing:
(Out doing Heaven) Pardons he gave
to every baſe rebellious Slave;
Forgave his Father's Death and his own Sufferings.
Kind Heaven has *Albion* happy made
under the God-like *Charles* his ſhade,
His Noon-tide Glories all ſhall riſe,
and mount before him to the *Skies*,
Too high for any *Poliſh*, *Traiterous Policies*:
And Men ſhall envy us, and call
The great *Defender of our Faith*, Defender of us all.

FINIS.

79180